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ECLIPSE

VOL. 1, NO. 5 MARCH 1982

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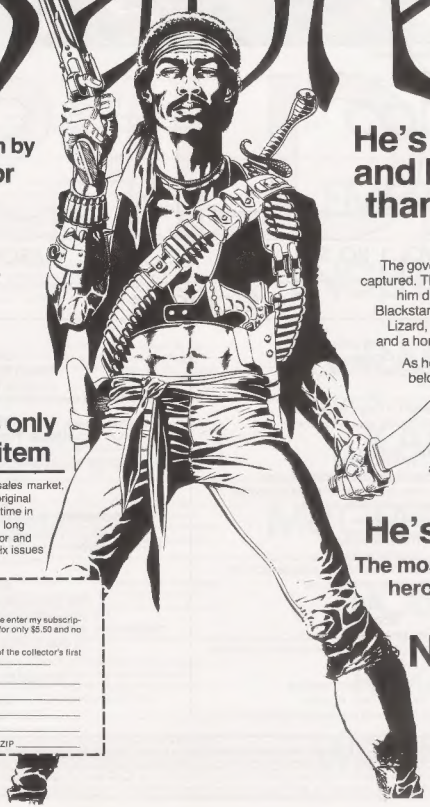

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Don McGregor

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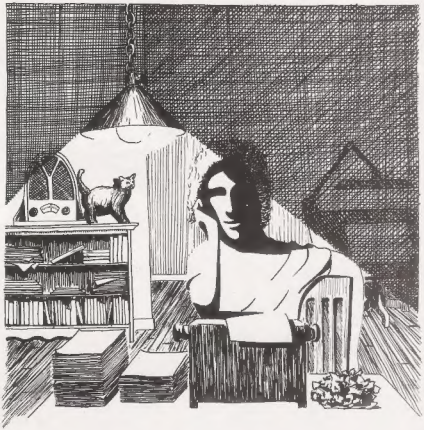


EDITORIAL

As I sit in our offices, the hustle and bustle of the daytime crowds has long since given way to the almost eerie quiet of the early hours of the morning. The streets are virtually empty as I look out my window. At my side, my little cat has fallen asleep, unable to keep her eyes open at this late hour.

Al "Jazzbo" Collins, who hosts "The Milkman's Matinee" on WNEW-AM from midnight to 5:30 am, has just introduced a 1939 Artie Shaw Band recording, as Shaw's clarinet and Helen Forrest's lovely voice form romantic visions in the still, dark quiet of the office. Middle of the night music; lyrics that speak of thrilling passion and blissful love. It's sweet, tender and personal.

Spread over my desk, and covering the drawing table, lightbox, and various shelves and tables are the near completed contents of three separate magazines. Mr. Deadline has brought two friends with him this month. And returning from dinner in Little Italy earlier this evening, the green and red lights running the length of Mulberry Street remind me that Christmas is only a few days away.

It's about time to write the editorial.

This whole scene is a far cry from the crisp, authoritative, flourescent bulb lit offices of most other publishing companies, which open at 9:00 am and find everyone rushing out by 5:00 pm. There is much daily grind in the independent publishing business, constant round-the-clock days, and no calendar telling you that Friday ends the work week. In *The Long Goodbye* by Raymond Chandler, Phillip Marlowe ponders "What makes a man stay with it nobody knows." "There must be a reason," is the evasive answer he comes up with.

But Marlowe knew why he stayed in the detecting business even though, as he himself said, "You don't make a dime that way . . .not a dime of spending money." He was an idealist. And independent publishers know why they do it, too (although we actually do make a dime—ideals alone do not pay the rent!).

I spent a few days in Canada last month, hanging around with Deni Loubert, the publisher of *Cerebus*, seeing how she works. And she plans to come down to New York City in the Spring to see how I work. A foreign exchange deal. We're all—Deni, myself, Richard Pini and the other independents—in this for basically the same reasons. We love comics, and we each have goals to accomplish in the field. It's not merely a job, it's a state of existence. It translates into all-nighters, into keeping a notepad by the bed on which to write new ideas as you awake in the middle of the night, into feeling that pride, satisfaction and excitement when the latest magazine comes back from the printer. It takes a lot of work and dedication, but the rewards are far greater than can be put into words. It comes from a love of the medium and is focused through a realistic and practical vision of how to go about it.

And, of course, we can't do it without your support. All of us thank you for, and appreciate your support. Working together, you and we can do a lot for comics. One immediate way you can help is for you to write us. We want your feedback on the comics we publish because, as I said, we're all in this together.

Next time around, folks. My cat's awakened and she's just jumped on my typewriter . . .

Dean Mullaney, Editor

HA! I AM MOST SLY--

I AM Coyote

STORY-STEVE ENGLEHART
ART-MARSHALL ROGERS
LETTERING-P. BERNARD X.

LESS THAN 48 HOURS AGO I BEGAN MY HUNT--

--FROM THE ANCIENT DESERT TO THE NEON JUNGLE, OF LAS VEGAS, I STALKED MY PREY-- FROM PAWN TO UNDERLING TO PHYLLIDA!

--PHYLLIDA-- BEAUTIFUL, SLY PACK LEADER!

QUICKLY I WOOED AND BEDDED HER!

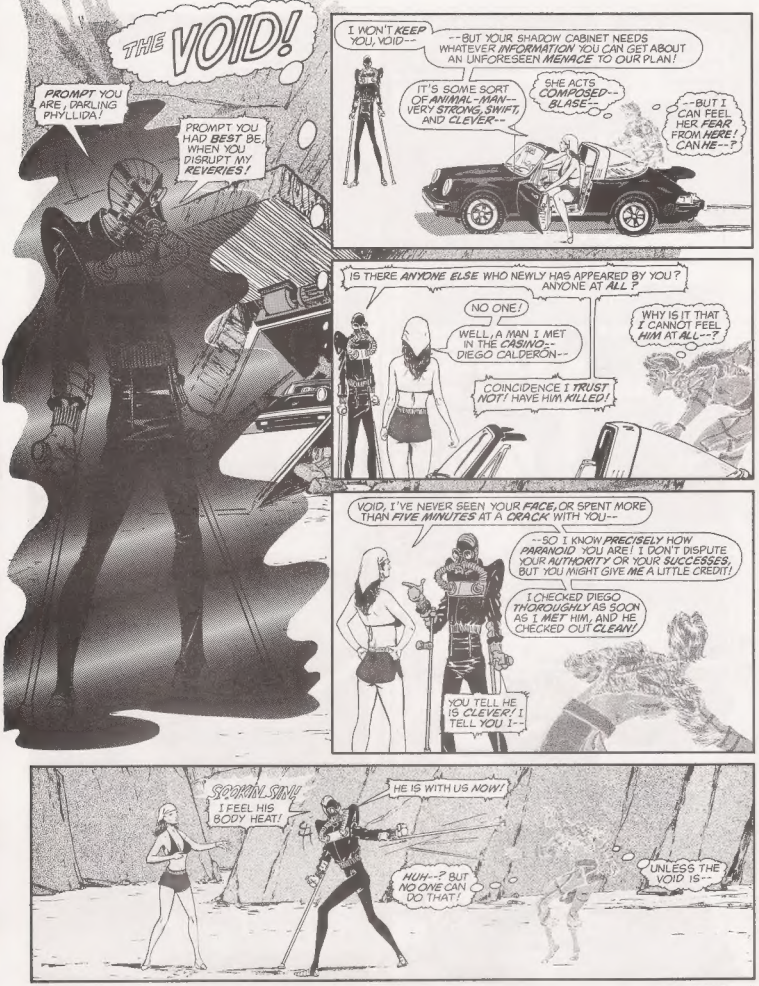
--SO, SHE LATER TOLD ME OF HER PACK'S PLANS FOR THE TAKE-OVER OF THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT!

NOW SHE SPEEDS TOWARD A RENDEZ-VOUS WITH HER SUPERIOR-- WITH ME TRAILING, UNBEKNOWNST TO HER!

TRY TO BE HUMBLE, COYOTE--

--THOUGH YOUR UNMATCHED SKILLS AND ROMANTIC CHARM HAVE LED YOU STRAIGHT

THANX TO DEAN & TONY


THE VOID!
PROMPT YOU ARE, DARLING PHYLLIDA!
PROMPT YOU HAD BEST BE, WHEN YOU DISRUPT MY REVERIES!
I WON'T KEEP YOU, VOID--
--BUT YOUR SHADOW CABINET NEEDS WHATEVER INFORMATION YOU CAN GET ABOUT AN UNFORESEEN MENACE TO OUR PLAN!
IT'S SOME SORT OF ANIMAL-MAN--VERY STRONG, SWIFT, AND CLEVER--
SHE ACTS COMPOSED--BLASE--
--BUT I CAN FEEL HER FEAR FROM HERE! CAN HE--?
IS THERE ANYONE ELSE WHO NEWLY HAS APPEARED BY YOU? ANYONE AT ALL?
NO ONE!
WELL, A MAN I MET IN THE CASINO--DIEGO CALDERON--
COINCIDENCE I TRUST NOT! HAVE HIM KILLED!
WHY IS IT THAT I CANNOT FEEL HIM AT ALL--?
VOID, I'VE NEVER SEEN YOUR FACE, OR SPENT MORE THAN FIVE MINUTES AT A CRACK WITH YOU--
--SO I KNOW PRECISELY HOW PARANOID YOU ARE! I DON'T DISPUTE YOUR AUTHORITY OR YOUR SUCCESSES, BUT YOU MIGHT GIVE ME A LITTLE CREDIT!
I CHECKED DIEGO THOROUGHLY AS SOON AS I MET HIM, AND HE CHECKED OUT CLEAN!
YOU TELL HE IS CLEVER! I TELL YOU I--
SCORPIA SAY! I FEEL HIS BODY HEAT!
HE IS WITH US NOW!
HUH--? BUT NO ONE CAN DO THAT!
UNLESS THE VOID IS--

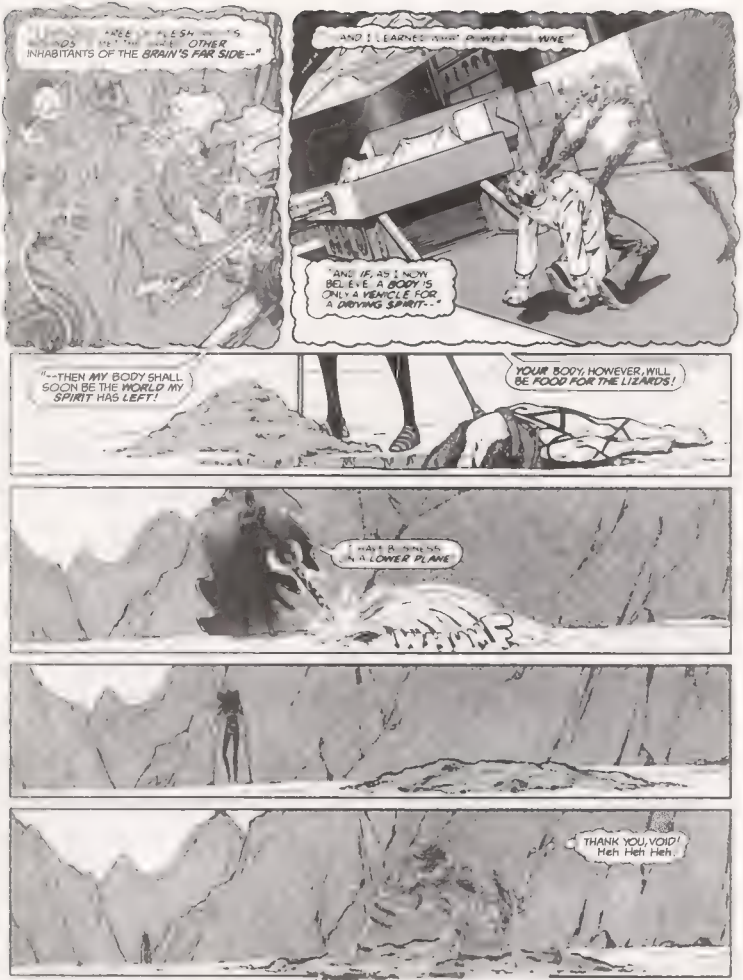
THE GAS MASK, THE OVERALLS VANISH AWAY, LOST IN THE INSIDERS' WORLD--
--AND A SECOND OUTCAST DOES STAND ACROSS THE BLISTERING BOX CANYON, REVEALED TO HIM WITH EYES TO SEE!
--AN OUTSIDER, TOO!
BUT THIS IS NO WERE-MAN, NO PSYCHIC VAMPIRE-- NO ANYTHING THAT COYOTE HAS EVER ENCOUNTERED!
THIS, TO A CREATURE RAISED CHEEK-BY-JOWL WITH HORRORS--
--IS HORROR BEYOND BELIEF!!
HIS FACE--HIS BODY--! EVERY INCH IS COVERED WITH RUNNING SORES--!

AND THEY DON'T SLOW HIM DOWN!
NOR DO YOUR THOUGHTS IN THIS REALM ESCAPE MY INNER EARS, FELLOW!
NEVER BEFORE HAVE YOU MET ANOTHER TO CHALLENGE YOU! LET ALONE --
--KILL YOU!
THE COYOTE THINKS NO MORE!
INSTINCT WILL SUFFICE!

OR WILL IT?
RRRRR
GRRRKHHURRKHHH
Oh my God...!

WHY SHOCK, PHYLLIDA?
HUH?
YOU KNOW HIM, AFTER ALL?
NO, VOID! I DON'T KNOW HIM!
BUT THAT'S OUR ANIMAL-MAN, WITHOUT A DOUBT!
YOU! WIN AGAIN!
CERTAIN YOU ARE THAT YOU KNOW HIM NOT--?
FUCK OFF!
YOU ARE A WOMAN WITH SPIRIT, PHYLLIDA! I APPROVED OF SUCH ONCE IN BETTER TIMES--
-- AND EVEN TODAY, I APPROVE OF SPIRIT! BUT IT IS THE "WOMAN" WHICH WORRIES ME, I TELL YOU FRANKLY!
YOU COULD FOLLOW YOUR HEART-- STRAIGHT TO HELL!
AND YOU COULD FOLLOW WHATEVER'S LEFT OF YOU INSIDE THAT SUIT TO THE INFORMATION THE CABINET AND I ASKED FOR!
WE HAVE LESS THAN A WEEK UNTIL THE CEREMONY, AND IT'S YOUR PLAN I'M TRYING TO EXECUTE!
BURY THIS BASTARD DEEP!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU BOTH!
WHATEVER'S LEFT OF ME, EH?
THERE'S ENOUGH LEFT TO KILL YOU, PHYLLIDA DARLING-- IF YOU PUSH ME TOO MUCH FURTHER!
ENOUGH...

EVEN WITHOUT A BODY!
ENOUGH TO DO ALL THE THINGS A BODY CANNOT!
"ONCE I HAD A BODY, PHYLLIDA--
--AND WITH IT A TITLE AND NAME!
"CALL ME DMITRI, OR BORIS, OR BRANISLAW--WHAT DOES IT MATTER?"
"I BECAME THE VOID WHEN I FACED THE BOMB!"
"MEDICAL SCIENCE KEPT ME ALIVE, BUT NOT EVEN THE BLACK MARKET COULD KILL THE PAIN--
"--A PAIN WHICH GREW MINUTE BY MINUTE, LIKE THE ULCERS ON MY TWITCHING SKIN, AND THE CANCER IN MY BOWELS!"
"THERE WAS ONLY ONE REFUGE, AND THAT WAS MY MIND! I WENT DEEP--"
--DEEP WITHIN--
"--SO DEEP THAT THE DOCTORS PRONOUNCED ME DEAD, AFTER ALL--
"--BUT I WAS DEAD ONLY TO THAT PAST WORLD--"
"--AND FULLY ALIVE IN THIS ONE!"


INHABITANTS OF THE BRAIN'S FAR SIDE--"
AND I LEARNED THE POWER OF WINE
"AND IF, AS I NOW BELIEVE A BODY IS ONLY A VEHICLE FOR A DRIVING SPIRIT--"
"--THEN MY BODY SHALL SOON BE THE WORLD MY SPIRIT HAS LEFT!
YOUR BODY, HOWEVER, WILL BE FOOD FOR THE LIZARDS!
I HAVE RUINED MY LOWER PLANE
THANK YOU, VOID! Heh Heh Heh

BUT BE HUMBLE COYOTE! DESPITE THE EUPHORIA WHICH CLAIMS YOU WHEN YOU DANCE, YOU CAME CLOSE TO DEATH THAT TIME!
IF HE HAD BEEN ABLE TO BECOME BOUND IN THIS WORLD AS I DO-
HE WOULD HAVE CONTINUED TO CHOKE ME TO THE END!
BUT WHAT HE MISTOOK FOR A LOSS OF CONSCIOUSNESS AND POWER WAS ACTUALLY MY ESCAPE FROM HIS WORLD!
BOTH WORLDS ARE REAL, BUT NOT TO EACH OTHER!
AND THIS WORLD HAS NEVER LOOKED BETTER!
HAAA
HE GIVES THANKS
SUNSET, IN VEGAS--
"THE AIRPORT, DRIVER! AND HURRY!"
PHYLLIDA..?
TAXI
NOW, WHAT -

DIEGO!!!
WHY SUCH SURPRISE, CHIQUITA?
SURELY YOU ARE NOT STILL ANGRY FROM THIS MORNING?
DON'T BULLSHIT ME, YOU BASTARD! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD--
-- AND YOU SHOULD BE!
ME? DEAD? WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING?
I SAW YOU, ANIMAL MAN!
I SAW YOU LAST NIGHT WHILE WE MADE LOVE, BUT I WAS IN NO POSITION TO REGISTER IT! I WROTE IT OFF AS SENSORY OVERLOAD--
--UNTIL I SAW YOU AGAIN IN THE DESERT!
REALLY?
THEN WHY DID YOU DENY IT TO THE VOID?
YOU KNOW WHY YOU FOUGHT HIM!
I DON'T WANT TO KNOW YOU ANY MORE, Mr Whoever- you-are! THE VOID WAS RIGHT ABOUT COINCIDENCES
-AND RIGHT ABOUT KILLING YOU!
YOU CANNOT KILL ME, PHYLLIDA--
-AND EVEN IF YOU COULD-- YOU WOULD NOT!
ALL RIGHT! THIS PLACE IS TOO DAMN PUBLIC!
THAT IS NOT WHAT I MEANT!
STAY AWAY FROM ME, YOU BASTARD--
LUCI TAX
--OR THE MATTER WILL BE TAKEN OUT OF MY HANDS!

FIVE MINUTES LATER--
GOOD, THEN, DIEGO CALDERON! I HAVE FINISHED WITH YOU!
YOU SERVED YOUR PURPOSE OF PROVIDING A LEGITIMATE COVER FOR ME VERY WELL! OF COURSE, MORYA WOULD HAVE CALLED IT IMMORAL--
--MY DRUGGING YOU AND TAKING A BOY OF YOUR LIFE FOR MYSELF!
BUT I AM COYOTE!
TAXI
AIRPORT, PLEASE!
RADIO CAB
LUCO TAXI INC.
AT THIS MOMENT, HOWEVER--
SOOKIN SIN!!
THE ANIMAL-MAN'S BODY IS GONE!
PHYLLIDA--!
NEXT ISSUE
A RESHUFFLING AND A NEW DEAL!
IS THERE A JOKER IN THE DECK?
JOIN US THEN--
EVERY OTHER MONTH

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- "The Way We Wore" by **Trina Robbins** covers the hippie fashions.
- "69" by **Jeffrey Jones** is a humorous piece involving the first moon shot and a couple making love.
- "Chicago '68" is **Spain**'s experiences at the Chicago convention riots.
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- "Nowhere to Run" is **Sharon Rudahl**'s story about illegal abortions during the '60s
- **Steve Leialoha**'s personal account of the Rolling Stones' Altamont Festival tragedy.
- **Kim Dietch**'s "Dial 'M' for Monster" concerns a home movie he and his brother Simon made as teenagers
- **Foolbert Sturgeon** presents a new Dr. Feelgood story.
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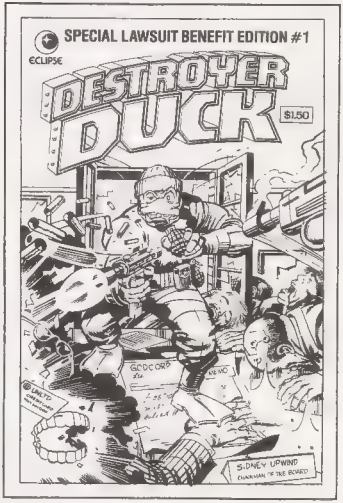

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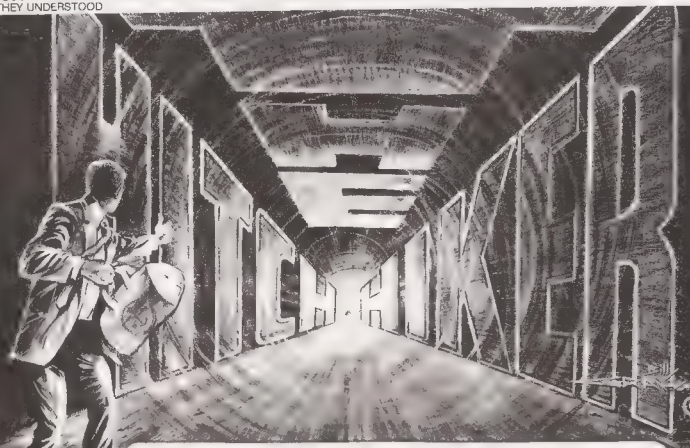
RALPH WILLIAMS HAD BEEN STANDING BESIDE THE HIGHWAY FOR NEARLY TWO HOURS. HE HAD PACED BACK AND FORTH, KICKED PEBBLES, WHISTLED TUNES, SANG TO HIMSELF, THOUGHT OLD THOUGHTS AND REMEMBERED THINGS A MAN IN THE SECLUSION OF COUNTRY WILDERNESS HAS TIME TO REMEMBER. THE YEARS OF DRIFTING FROM PLACE TO PLACE, FROM JOB TO JOB, FROM ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER. THE GOOD TIMES, THE BAD, THE DAYS OF RICHES AND THE PAWN SHOP DAYS. THESE WERE THE LEAN DAYS, BUT THEY WERE COMING TO AN END. HE HAD A JOB WAITING FOR HIM A THOUSAND MILES AWAY. THE AD IN THE NEWSPAPER HAD SAID, 'TRAVEL EXPENSES PAID.' THAT WORRIED HIM. HIS PROBLEM WAS HOW TO GET THERE. HE HAD PHONED, CHECKED WITH THE PEOPLE WHO'D PLACED THE AD AND EXPLAINED HIS PLIGHT. BROKE. NO MONEY. THE GENTLEMAN ON THE OTHER END OF THE PHONE TOLD HIM NOT TO WORRY ABOUT A THING AND GAVE HIM A SUGGESTION. 'HITCHHIKE.' TRAVEL EXPENSES WOULD STILL BE PAID. DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING. THEY UNDERSTOOD.

HITCHHIKER

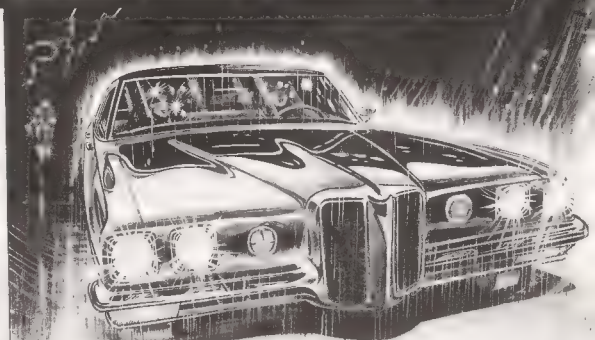


SO NOW HERE YOU ARE, RALPH, STANDING IN THIS DARK, DESOLATED AREA, A FEW YARDS FROM THE SIDE ROAD WHERE YOUR LAST RIDE LET YOU OUT. IN THE TWO HOURS SINCE, YOU'VE CURSED EVERY OTHER MOTORIST WHO PASSED YOU BY, AND NOW TO ADD TO YOUR PLIGHT, THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT IS INTERRUPTED BY THE RUMBLE OF THUNDER.

VERY FAINTLY YOU HEAR THE HUM GROWING LOUDER, COMING CLOSER. THEN YOU SEE THE HEADLIGHTS OFF IN THE DISTANCE, GROWING BRIGHTER.

THEN, SUDDENLY A CRACK OF LIGHTNING BATHES THE HIGHWAY IN LIGHT. LUCKILY FOR YOU, RALPH, BECAUSE IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT LIGHTNING, THE ONCOMING CAR MIGHT NOT HAVE SEEN YOU STANDING THERE IN THE DARKNESS UNTIL IT WAS RIGHT ON TOP OF YOU. THE APPROACHING CAR CRUISES BY. THEN REDUCES ITS SPEED. THE DOWNPOUR SUDDENLY BEGINS AS ITS HEADLIGHTS FLICKER OFF... ON... BRIGHT... DIM... OFF. SIGNALLING IT'S GOING TO STOP FOR YOU.

WHEN IT COMES TO A HALT, ABOUT FIFTY FEET AWAY, WITH ITS MOTOR PURRING, YOU ARE ON THE RUN.



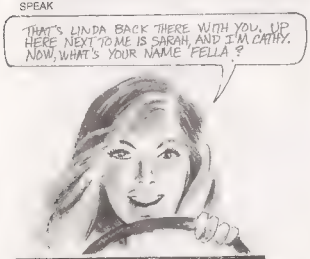
AS YOU APPROACH, IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL, BUT YOU COULD SWEAR THAT THERE ARE TWO WOMEN IN THE FRONT SEAT.

HURRY UP, FELLA!" THE DRIVER SHOUTS FROM THE PARTIALLY OPENED WINDOW **"HOW FAR ARE YOU GOING?"** SHE ASKS BEFORE YOU TELL HER ANOTHER FEMALE FACE LEANS OVER AND YOU BEAM WITH DELIGHT WHEN YOU HEAR, **"NO MATTER HOW FAR HE'S GOING, HE GO AS FAR AS HE WANTS WITH ME!"**

TWO WOMEN! BOY O BOY, RALPH! FINALLY, AFTER THAT LONG WAIT, YOU'RE BEING PICKED UP BY TWO WOMEN. **BEAUTIFUL** AREN'T THEY? BUT YOU WONDER ABOUT THEM WHEN THE DRIVER SNAPS AT HER PASSENGER **"SHUT THE HELL UP, NYMPH! CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S A –"**

"SO WHAT?! SHOUTS THE GIRL ON THE PASSENGER SIDE **"AS LONG AS HE'S GOT WHAT I WANT, I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT HE IS!"** YOU GRIN, DON'T YOU, RALPH, AS YOU TRY TO APPEAR PLEASANT. GRATITUDE IS WHAT YOU FEEL TOWARDS THEM FOR STOPPING. BUT THEN YOU GET ANOTHER SURPRISE WHEN YOU HEAR FROM THE REAR OF THE CAR, "PUT HIM BACK HERE FIRST, THEN SARAH CAN HAVE SLOPPY SECONDS." HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU HEARD THAT EXPRESSION BEFORE, RALPH? MANY TIMES, RIGHT? YET, FROM HER TONE, YOU WONDER IF YOU REALLY WANT THIS RIDE

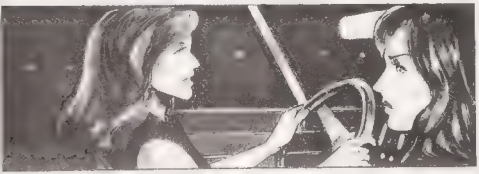
YOU CLIMB IN AND ARE JUST SETTLING DOWN AS THE CAR EXCELLERATES IT SPEEDS ALONG THE HIGHWAY AND YOU FEEL GRATEFUL TOWARDS THESE THREE GIRLS FOR TAKING A CHANCE PICKING UP A STRANGER ON THE HIGHWAY AT THIS RATE YOU SHOULD GET THERE IN PLENTY OF TIME TO START THAT NEW JOB THAT'S WAITING FOR YOU THE GIRL DRIVING IS THE FIRST TO SPEAK



"LADIES!" THEY LAUGH **"HE CALLS US LADIES. SUCH A GENTLEMAN HE IS!"** YOU GLANCE FROM ONE GIRL TO THE OTHER AND YOU SMILE CATHY LOOKS THROUGH THE REAR VIEW MIRROR AND ASKS, **"AND WHERE WOULD SUCH A GENTLEMAN AS YOURSELF BE HITCHHIKING TO ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS, ALL DRESSED UP WITH A TIE AND EVERYTHING? YOU GOING TO A PARTY OR SOMETHING?"**

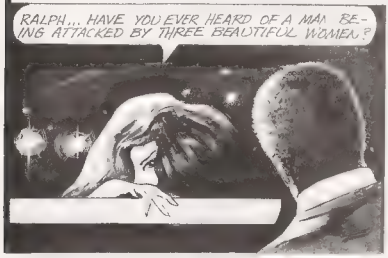
YOU EXPLAIN ABOUT THE AD IN THE NEWSPAPER ABOUT THE JOB YOU'RE TAKING AND HOW IT PAYS FOR YOUR TRANSPORTATION HOW YOU'RE SAVING MONEY BY HITCHHIKING

"TO BE PICKED UP ON THE HIGHWAY BY THREE BEAUTIFUL AND LONELY GIRLS." CATHY ANSWERS SOMEHOW THE TONE IN HER VOICE MAKES YOU FEEL A BIT UNEASY WHEN SHE STRESSED THAT WORD **"LONELY,"** DOESN'T IT RALPH? BUT WHAT THE HELL WHY SHOULD YOU FEEL UNEASY? HERE YOU ARE RIDING ALONG, GETTING CLOSER TO YOUR DESTINATION WITH THREE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS TOO? HA, HA



NO REASON TO BE UNEASY, RALPH THEY CAN'T HARM YOU THREE GIRLS AGAINST A **MAN?** C'MON RALPH, BOY QUIT THINKING LIKE THAT ENJOY THE RIDE, RELAX GET COMFORTABLE AND YET, THE WAY THEY KEEP **STARING** AT YOU MAKES YOU FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE, DOESN'T IT, RALPH?

YOU'RE SWEATING NOW, RALPH. YOU'RE GETTING PRETTY NERVOUS, AREN'T YOU? AND THEN SARAH STARES AT YOU AND ASKS



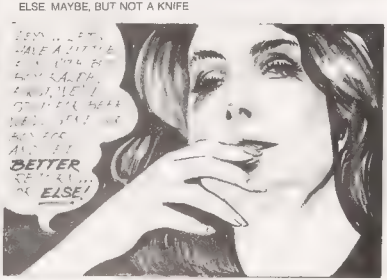
NOW LINDA IS PRACTICALLY BEHIND YOU. HER HANDS CARESSING THE BACK OF YOUR NECK EVER SO GENTLY . . . CARESSING .

SUDDENLY YOUR ENTIRE BODY GOES RIGID. YOU CAN FEEL IT. CAN'T YOU, RALPH? CATHY GLANCES UP AT YOU THROUGH THE REAR VIEW MIRROR AND SARAH CONTINUES TO STARE WITH A STRANGE, SPARKLING GLEAM IN HER EYES. AS LINDA WHISPERS AN OBSCENITY IN YOUR EAR YOU FEEL EMBARRASSED. RALPH WILLIAMS MUCH TOO EMBARRASSED. THEN, FEAR OVERCOMES YOU BECAUSE THERE'S NO MISTAKING WHAT YOU FEEL NEXT

LINDA HAS TOUCHED THE BACK OF YOUR NECK WITH A KNIFE. SHE LEANS BACK AND WATCHES THE EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE. YOU'RE REALLY SHAKEN NOW, RALPH, AREN'T YOU? THEY WATCH YOU RALPH AND THEY LAUGH, A BURST OF EARSHATTERING LAUGHTER . . . MOCKING, HARRASSING LAUGHTER. YOU WANT TO BE OUT OF THE CAR NOW, RALPH. YOU'RE SCARED . . . SCARED STIFF"

THEY MAKE SNIDE REMARKS AS TO YOUR MANLINESS AND YOU CAN'T DEFEND YOURSELF BECAUSE YOU'RE TOO TERRIFIED TO SPEAK. THE CAR FILLS WITH THEIR FEMININE SHRIEKS AND YOU WANT THIS ALL TO BE A JOKE. BUT IT ISN'T. IS IT, RALPH?

YOU MAKE A FEEBLE ATTEMPT TO LAUGH ALONG BECAUSE YOU STILL HOPE THEY'RE JUST PULLING A GAG. YOUR THROAT IS DRY. YOU TRY TO SWALLOW BUT INSTEAD YOU CHOKE. YOU DARE NOT LOOK AROUND BECAUSE YOU PRAY THAT IT ISN'T A KNIFE. SOMETHING ELSE. MAYBE, BUT NOT A KNIFE



FINALLY, THE CAR CRUISES TO A HALT IN FRONT OF A SMALL, ALL-NIGHT DINER WITH ANOTHER WARNING THEY ALLOW YOU OUT SHOUTING MORE SUGGESTIVE REMARKS . .

"FIVE MINUTES, RALPHY-BOY! OR ELSE WE COME IN THERE AND CUT YOU WHERE IT HURTS THE MOST!"
"I WANT YOU BACK, RALPHY!"
I WANT HIS FRONT!
"YOU GOT WHAT WE WANT, FELLA! BOY, HAVE YOU GOT WHAT WE WANT!"
WE'VE HEARD ABOUT HOW BIG "YOU" GUYS ARE! HA, HA HA..."
"HURRY BACK, "BIG" BOY!"
"OTHERWISE, WE'LL COME IN AND CUT YOUR BIGNESS OFF!"

AS YOU ENTER, THE FIRST THING YOU SEARCH FOR IS A BACK DOOR

BUT THERE ISN'T ONE, IS THERE, RALPH? INSTEAD, YOU'RE GREETED WITH .

HE STANDS THERE AS IF HE'D BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO COME ALONG. HE GLANCES OUT THE DOOR, THEN BACK AT YOU AND ASKS

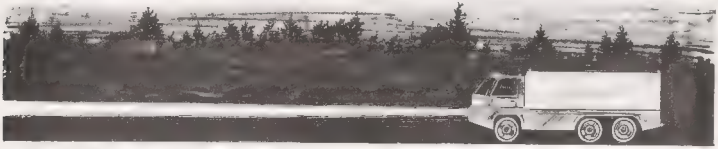
HOW 'BOUT A LIFT, BRO'?
I'M HITCHING ALSO, BUT YOU TAKE THE RIDE. TAKE 'EM THIS BEER I'M ORDERING, AND TELL 'EM I CHANGED MY MIND. BEER'S ON ME.

HE LOOKS LIKE A TOUGH COUNTRY HICK ON HIS WAY TO THE CITY. DOESN'T HE, RALPH? YOU FLINCH AS HE GIVES YOU THE ONCE OVER AND SAYS

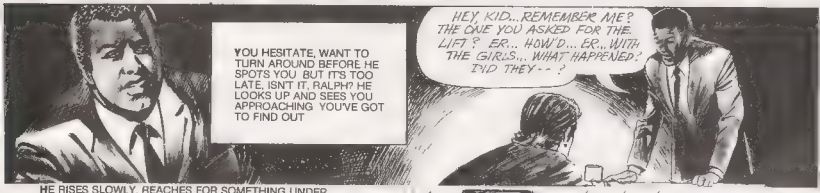
YO, BRDTHER... HOW COME IF YOU'RE HITCH HIKIN', YOU'RE ALL DRESSED UP IN SUIT AND TIE? YA GOT SOMETHIN' SPECIAL YOU WERE HEADIN' FOR?
YEAH. GOT A JOB WAITIN' FOR ME FURTHER SOUTH.

HE WAVES GOODBYE AND DISAPPEARS OUT THE DOOR. YOU WATCH AS HE STANDS AT THE CAR FOR A FEW SECONDS, AND THEN . . . HE GETS IN. YOUR HEART BEGINS TO BEAT AGAIN WHEN THEY ROAR OFF. DOESN'T IT, RALPH

IT ISN'T UNTIL THE FOLLOWING EVENING THAT YOU FINALLY REACH YOUR DESTINATION. YOU'VE BEEN HITCHHIKING ALL DAY. THE TRUCK DRIVER WHO HAULED YOU THE LAST 75 MILES DROPS YOU OFF AT A RESTAURANT. WHEN YOU ENTER THE PLACE, RALPH, YOU'RE SHOCKED TO SEE



SITTING AT A BOOTH TABLE SIPPING COFFEE AS IF WAITING FOR **YOU** TO ARRIVE, IS THE KID – **AGAIN!**


YOU HESITATE, WANT TO TURN AROUND BEFORE HE SPOTS YOU. BUT IT'S TOO LATE, ISN'T IT, RALPH? HE LOOKS UP AND SEES YOU APPROACHING. YOU'VE GOT TO FIND OUT
HEY, KID... REMEMBER ME? THE ONE YOU ASKED FOR THE LIFT? ER... HOW'D... ER... WITH THE GIRLS... WHAT HAPPENED? DID THEY--?

HE RISES SLOWLY, REACHES FOR SOMETHING UNDER THE TABLE AND WITH A WRY SMILE, SAYS

THANKS, BROTHER FOR THE RIDE--ALL THREE RIDES! OH, AND BY THE WAY, THIS BELONGS TO YOU... AND...
"THIS" BELONGED TO THEM!
LINDA
LINDA'S KNIFE REVERBERATED WITH A LOUD "THUNK" WHEN IT STUCK INTO THE TABLE TOP.
THE LAST WORDS YOU HEAR BEFORE THE KID LEAVES ARE...
THANKS, BROTHER...
THUNK!
... I'VE GOT MORE HITCH-HIKING TO DO!

-END-

ECLIPSE

DON McGREGOR MARSHALL ROGERS

Detectives Inc.

Mystery Magazine says: "**Detectives, Inc.** is a hard-hitting story told in brutally realistic terms...

"Detectives, Inc. is a dramatic book: it is tense and powerful and draws one into its action...It is easy to be attracted to a Captain America or a Superman, because he is a dream, an ideal. It is less easy to become attracted to a human being, and this is one of the things that Don McGregor and Marshall Rogers do here: they assert (and) show) that two detectives, the divorced wife, two lovers separated by death from their common object of passion and others, can be just as exciting, as powerful, as dramatic an ensemble as the Avengers or the Justice League of America."

Peter Gillis
COMICS FEATURE

"This book has it all: nudity, homosexuality, bisexuality, abortion, poverty, race wars...and murder. Yet it lacks one thing that typical overground comics revel in—and that's sensationalism."

WHIZZARD

"Like a raw, cutting wind of the golden age of the private eye, *Detectives, Inc.* is gritty, very human, good reading and an eyeful."

Chris Steinbrunner, author of
The Films of Sherlock Holmes

"A solid private eye yarn with sparkling dialogue and two private dicks who care. If Culp and Cosby had been eyes instead of spies, this is what they would have been like."

Bob Randis, author of
The Disappearance of Penny

"The writing and illustrations owe far more to the techniques of the motion picture than to comic books, with cross cutting and other film innovations used most effectively to tell the story of a murder with roots in a lesbian love affair."

Ellery Queen
Mystery Magazine

"*Detectives Inc.* is a tour de force for writer/creator Don McGregor and illustrator Marshall Rogers.

It is one of the new breed of mature underground productions that places people and relationships ahead of superheroism and bizarre, horrific plots.

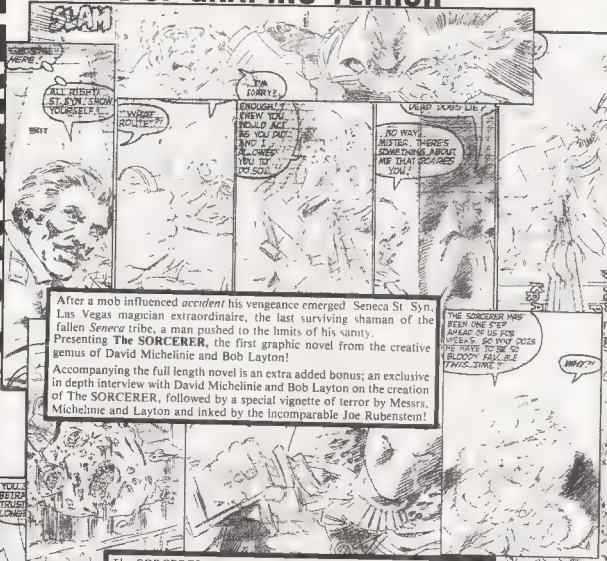
McGregor's Culp and Cosby type detective team of Ted Denning and Bob Rainier live in a Philip Marlowe existence on the seamy side of 1980 New York. Although the plot is fairly simple, their lives are refreshingly complex and the two stories are well blended with the help of Rogers' excellent black and white illustrations. His use of light and shadow in the delineation of people and perfectly rendered New York locations mark this volume as his best work to date.

With *Detectives Inc.*, a new team of talented storytellers is born — one that should be writing new pages in the history of the graphic novel for some time to come."

Howard Zimmerman
Editor/STARLOG Magazine

THE SORCERER

A NOVEL OF GRAPHIC TERROR


SLAM
SOMEONE HERE?
ALL RIGHT! ST.SYN. KNOW YOURSELF...
SHIT
"WHAT ROUTE"?!
TOO SORRY?
ENOUGH! I KNEW YOU WOULD ACT AS YOU DID... AND I ALLOWED YOU TO DO SO!!
WHAT DOES HE...
NO WAY! MISTER, THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT ME THAT SCARES YOU!
THE SORCERER HAS BEEN ONE STEP AHEAD OF US FOR WEEKS. SO WHY DOES HE HAVE TO BE SO BLOODY FAR...BLE THIS TIME?
WHY?!
YOU'LL BE HA TOUSH LONG!
THE SORCERER NEVER RINGS!

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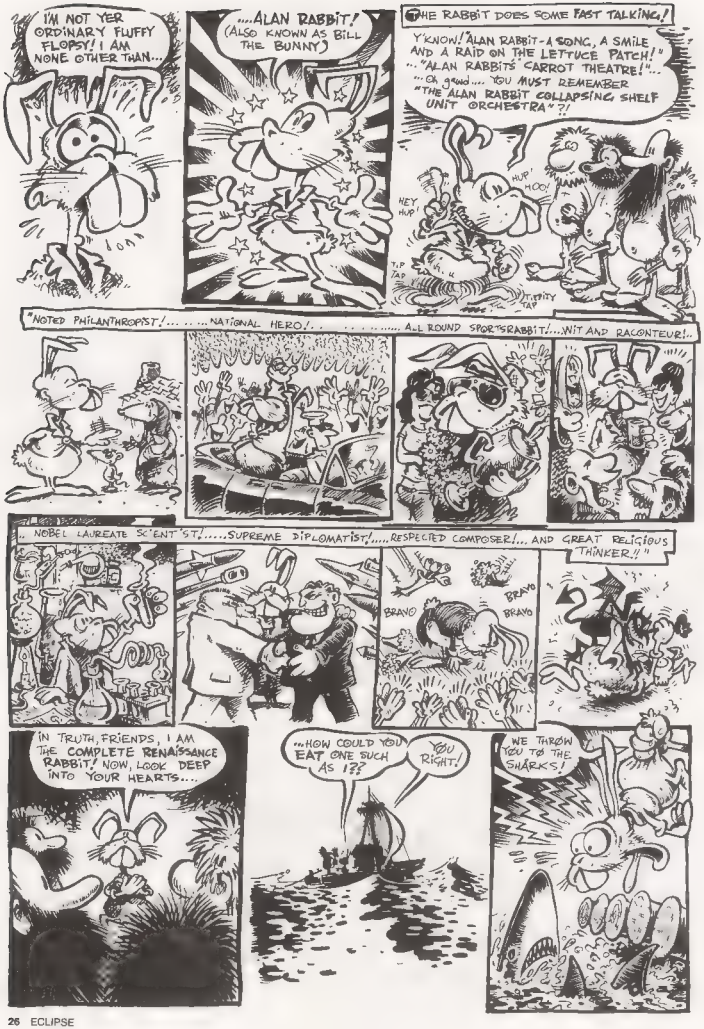
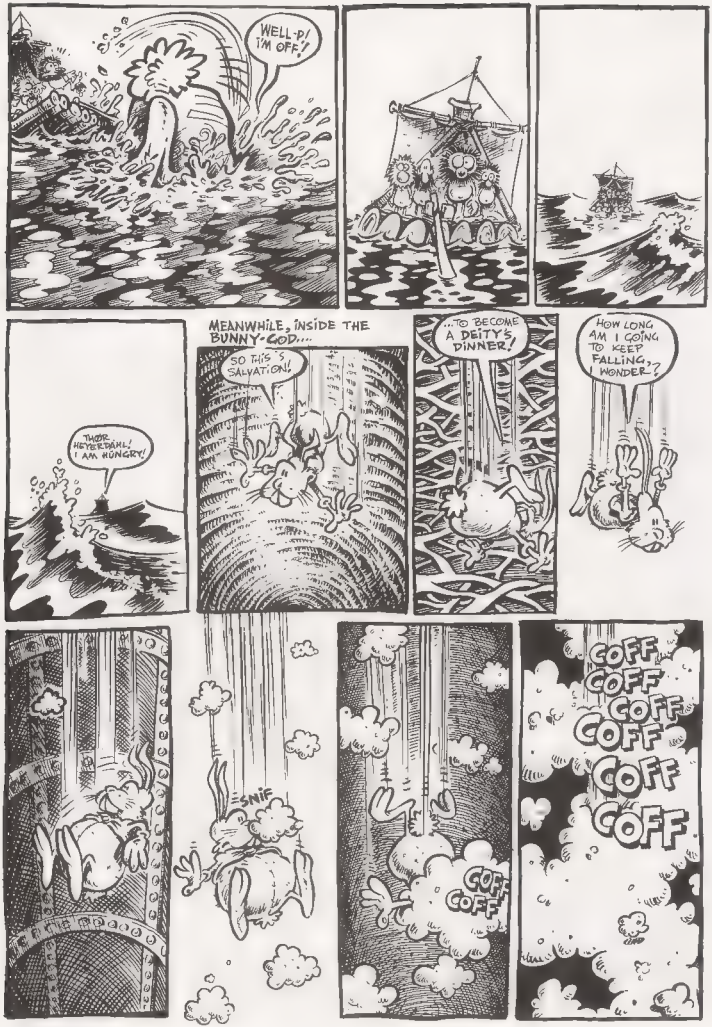
forgotten adventures on the KON-TIKI
HUNT EMERSON
AHOY, SHIPMATES!! WE HAVE A STOWAWAY!!
IT'S A RABBIT!
LET'S EAT IT!!!
K-A-CHOP
YUM YUM YUM
NO! WAIT! DON'T EAT ME! DON'T EAT ME!!
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING! DO YOU REALISE WHO I AM?!!


I'M NOT YER ORDINARY FLUFFY FLOPSY! I AM NONE OTHER THAN...
....ALAN RABBIT! (ALSO KNOWN AS BILL THE BUNNY)
THE RABBIT DOES SOME FAST TALKING.!
Y'KNOW! 'ALAN RABBIT - A SONG, A SMILE AND A RAID ON THE LETTUCE PATCH!" ..."ALAN RABBIT'S CARROT THEATRE!"... ...Ok good.... YOU MUST REMEMBER "THE ALAN RABBIT COLLAPSING SHELF UNIT ORCHESTRA"?!
HEY HUP
HUP! HOO!
TIP TAP
TIPITY TAP
"NOTED PHILANTHROPIST!... ....NATIONAL HERO!.. ..... ALL ROUND SPORTSRABBIT!....WIT AND RACONTEUR!..
.. NOBEL LAUREATE SCIENTIST!.....SUPREME DIPLOMATIST!.....RESPECTED COMPOSER!... AND GREAT RELIGIOUS THINKER.!"
BRAVO
BRAVO
IN TRUTH, FRIENDS, I AM THE COMPLETE RENAISSANCE RABBIT! NOW, LOOK DEEP INTO YOUR HEARTS...
...HOW COULD YOU EAT ONE SUCH AS IT?
YOU RIGHT!
WE THROW YOU TO THE SHARKS!

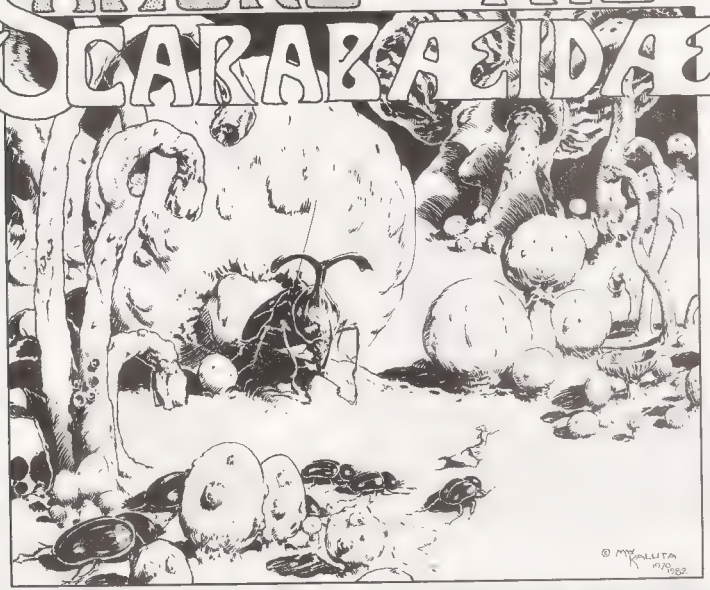
WHY DO I GET MYSELF INTO THESE SITUATIONS?! IF THERE'S A BUNNY-GOD, NOW IS WHEN I COULD USE HIM/HER/IT!
HALP!!!
SAVED!
"HMTH! IF THERE'S A BUNNY-GOD" INDEED!
GULP!
SPECTACULAR FRAME - Harryhausen-type special effects....


WELL-D! I'M OFF!
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE BUNNY-GOD....
THOR HEYERDAHL! I AM HUNGRY!
SO THIS'S SALVATION!
...TO BECOME A DEITY'S DINNER!
HOW LONG AM I GOING TO KEEP FALLING, I WONDER...?
SNIF
COFF COFF
COFF COFF COFF COFF COFF

COFF
COFF
COFF
COFF
COFF
COFF
COFF
COFF
IT APPEARS I'VE COME TO A HALT..
WELL, WELL! SACRED POO-POO!
I WONDER WHERE I AM! I MUST BE SOMEWHERE!. I USUALLY AM...
WOW! EASTER BUNNY ISLAND!! THAT MEANS THAT, SOMEWHERE THERES NATIVE EASTER BUNNIES!
I THINK I'LL JUST SPROING OVER TO THAT CLUMP OF TREES...
AAH! FELLOW BUNNIES! IT'S ME- ALAN RABBIT (YOU KNOW- BILL THE BUNNY.!) YOUR HERO FROM OVER THE GREAT WATER!!
NO, NO... NO APPLAUSE, PLEASE!

GASP!! STRANGE RABBIT FROM GREAT WATER BRINGS SACRED POO-POO!!
A SIGN! IT'S A SIGN!
AN ANCIENT AND WIZENED BUNNY SPEAKS UP....
THE TIME... HAS...COME!
THE TIME HAS COME! THE TIME HAS COME!
THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!!
THIS ENTIRE ADVENTURE SEEMS TO HAVE REVOLVED ROUND THINGS BEING EATEN - ESPECIALLY ME!- BUT AT LAST I'M GETTING WHAT I DESERVE! ACCOLADES FROM MY OWN KIND! LASHINGS OF LAPINE LARGESSE!
BONGA BONGA BOO!
THE TIME.. THE TIME ..TIME..
...ER... WHAT TIME IS THAT, RABBIT RELATIVES?
TIME
THE TIME..
DINNERTIME!
DAMN!
... FOR, YOU SEE, STRANGE RABBIT, WE ARE NOT ORDINARY BUNNIES... WE ARE CANNIBUNNIES!
DAMN DAMN! DAMN!
THE END

AMONG THE SCARABÆIDÆ



IT WAS A DREAM. KARYN KNEW IT WAS... NOT BECAUSE IT HAD TO BE A DREAM... NO -- IT WAS A DREAM BECAUSE IT WAS A DREAM -- SIMPLE. YOU SEE, THIS WAS NOT THE FIRST TIME KARYN HAD DREAMT SHE WAS AMONG THE SCARABÆIDÆ. NO, SHE WAS NOW VERY FAMILIAR WITH THIS HUGE LANDSCAPE. THIS RUNNING, RUNNING, RUNNING, NEVER GAINING ANY LEAD ON THE HUGE INSECTS THAT CHASED HER EVERY NIGHT. BUT THIS WAS THE FIRST DREAM IN WHICH SOMEBODY ELSE APPEARED, A SOMEBODY THAT RODE AN INSECT AND WAS NOW MOUNTED IN FRONT OF KARYN, THREATENING HER PURSUERS WITH A LANCE.

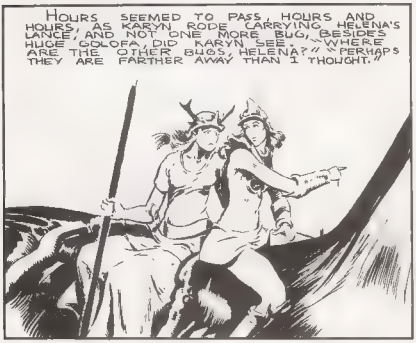
SUDDENLY THE SOMEBODY'S INSECT LEAPED FORWARD, POUNCING UPON KARYN'S NIGHTMARE LEGION, CRUNCHING HARD UPON THEIR LACQUERED BODIES. AS IF BY MAGIC THE SOMEBODY'S LANCE PIERCED SHELL AFTER SHELL, UNTIL ALL THE SMALLER INSECTS LAY LIKE BROKEN CHINA.

BROKEN CHINA... SKRITTY PIECES OF BROKEN CHINA... BROKEN BLACK PORCELAIN QUIET BLACK. BROKE PORCELAIN. "KARYN," A VOICE SPOKE... THE SOMEBODY WAS STANDING BEFORE HER. "COME TO ME, KARYN, DON'T BE AFRAID." LOOKING MUCH LIKE AN INSECT ITSELF, THE SOMEBODY WAS STANDING BEFORE HER.

"YOU KNOW MY NAME," KARYN'S VOICE WAS SOFT, MUCH LIKE THE SOMEBODY'S. "I DON'T KNOW YOU, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE." "YES, YOU DO," SPOKE THE SOMEBODY. "BUT NOT BY NAME. CALL ME HELENA." AND THE SOMEBODY WAS HELENA.

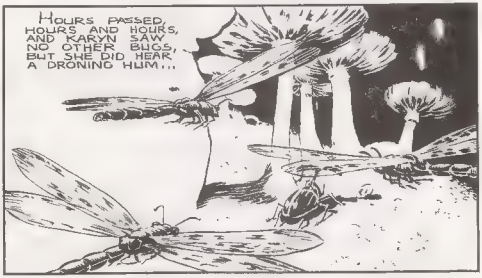
"KARYN, KARYN, DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, THESE BUGS CAN'T HURT YOU, NOT NOW. I'VE SAVED YOU, MY KARYN. YOU WILL NEVER RUN AGAIN. NEVER, DO YOU HEAR ME, NEVER. YOU WILL RIDE WITH ME. BUT FIRST, FIRST WE MUST AT LEAST FIND YOU A HELMET. YES." "WHY A HELMET?" "WHY?" THE SOMEBODY THAT WAS HELENA SHOOK HER HEAD SMILING, "THERE ARE OTHER BUGS AMONG THE SCARABEIDS."

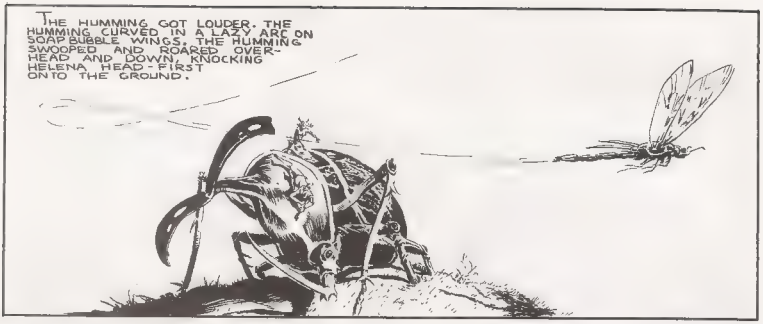
A HELMET WAS FOUND AMONG THE BROKEN CHINA, A HELMET THAT HELENA TOOK TO A CREEK AND WASHED FOR KARYN. "YOU MAY HAVE MY SWORD, AND YOU MAY CARRY MY LANCE WHILE WE RIDE. CALL MY INSECT GOLOFA."


HOURS SEEMED TO PASS, HOURS AND HOURS, AS KARYN RODE CARRYING HELENA'S LANCE, AND NOT ONE MORE BUG, BESIDES HUGE GOLOFA, DID KARYN SEE. "WHERE ARE THE OTHER BUGS, HELENA?" "PERHAPS THEY ARE FARTHER AWAY THAN I THOUGHT."

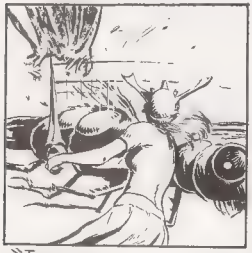
KARYN FELT A SHIVER. "YOU ARE TRYING TO FIND THEM! HELENA! WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO FIND THEM?" "THAT IS WHY I'M HERE, AND SOON THAT WILL BE WHY YOU ARE HERE." KARYN FELT ANOTHER SHIVER, A DIFFERENT, COLDER SHIVER... WHAT IF SHE WERE TO BE ALONE AGAIN, ALONE, ALONE. "HELENA?" "YES?" "PROMISE YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE ME... PROMISE..."

"I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU, AT LEAST, NOT FOR AWHILE"


HOURS PASSED, HOURS AND HOURS, AND KARYN SAW NO OTHER BUGS, BUT SHE DID HEAR A DRONING HUM...


THE HUMMING GOT LOUDER. THE HUMMING CURVED IN A LAZY ARC ON SOAP BUBBLE WINGS. THE HUMMING SWOOPED AND ROARED OVER-HEAD AND DOWN, KNOCKING HELENA HEAD-FIRST ONTO THE GROUND.

"HELENA!" SCREAMED KARYN, AND THE SWORD WAS IN HER HAND. "HELENA!" SCREAMED KARYN, AND HELENA DIDN'T ANSWER. "HELENA! HELENA! HELENA!" SCREAMED KARYN AND ALL SHE HEARD WAS THE ANGRY THUNDERING HUM. IT FILLED HER HEAD, IT FILLED HER WORLD. "HUMMMM" IT SAID, AND AS IF BY MAGIC KARYN'S SWORD SWUNG AT THE END OF HER ARMS AND A RAINBOW WING SHATTERED BEFORE HER. ANOTHER HUM AND ANOTHER SWING AND A CRACKLE OF SKRITTY CHINA. A ONE LAST HUM AND ANOTHER CRACKLE... AND ALL WAS QUIET. ALL WAS VERY QUIET. "KARYN?"



"I AM SORRY, KARYN, BUT I MUST LEAVE YOU... I MUST GO INTO ANOTHER DREAM." HELENA TOUCHED HER, THEN STEPPED INTO THE DREAM DOOR. "YOU NO LONGER NEED ME HERE, MY KARYN, YOU ARE STRONG."

AND KARYN KNEW SHE WAS STRONG AND SHE WOULDN'T RUN ANYMORE. SHE WOULD STAY HERE UNTIL SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY SHE WOULD KNOW, NEEDED HER HELP WHILE THEY WERE AMONG THE SCARABAEIDA.

ECLIPSE

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DOWN THE DRAIN
BZZZZZZZZZZ
UNF SHIT! TIME TO GET UP. WHAT DAY IS IT? GOTTA GET TO WORK SAME OLD SHIT EVERY DAY
SHAVE... GET DRESSED... EAT BREAKFAST... BRUSH MY TEETH... GET THE FUCK OUTTAHERE OR I'LL BE LATE
GOOD MORNING HONEY! YOU'RE UP EARLY! ARE YOU GOING TO WORK? HERE, LET ME GET YOU SOMETHING TO EAT
WHY DO I EVEN BOTHER? I CAN'T EVEN LIVE ON THE MONEY THIS DUMB JOB PAYS
HURRY UP! IT'S LATE! YOU'LL NEVER GET THERE ON TIME!
WHAT A PUSH MANGULEUS I HAVE
HEY! I'M NEAR THE BACK OF THE BUS! I PAID A QUARTER JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE!
SHIT!
I'M COMING! DON'T BE SO IMPATIENT!
SIGH
OH NO! THERE GO THREE BUSES IN A ROW!
ONLY ELEVEN O'CLOCK? I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN HERE ALL DAY... BUT WHAT ELSE CAN I DO?
I'M BORED!
GOOD MORNING. HOW MAY I HELP YOU?
JESUS. I WAS ONLY DEAD FOUR YEARS OF COLLEGE FOR THIS SHIT!

SAX ROHMER'S
DOPE
ADAPTED AND ILLUSTRATED BY
TRINA ROBBINS
CHAPTER FOUR
Pipe Dreams
Ah, MY DEAR DAUGHTER, HOW GLAD I AM TO WELCOME YOU TO OUR POPPY CIRCLE.
I AM CURIOUS, BUT HALF AFRAID, I HAVE HEARD THAT OPIUM SOMETIMES HAS NO OTHER EFFECT THAN TO MAKE ONE FRIGHTFULLY ILL.
THE ORGANIZER OF THE OPIUM PARTY-- Mr. CYRUS KILFANE LONG FAMILIARITY WITH CHINA'S RULING VICE HAD BROUGHT ABOUT A MYSTERIOUS PHYSICAL ALTERATION TO THE AMERICAN COMEDIAN. THE LIGHT EYES SEEMED TO HAVE GROWN SLIGHTLY OBLIQUE; THE VOICE, THE UNIMPASSIONED GREETING WERE THOSE OF A SON OF CATHAY.
Oh, MY DEAR! YOU WILL LOVE IT!
SUCH FASCINATING DREAMS! SUCH DELIGHTFUL ADVENTURES!
THE OTHER GUEST, INTRODUCED AS MOLLIE GRETNA, WHOSE WEAKLY PRETTY FACE RITA RECOGNIZED AS THAT OF A NOTORIOUS SOCIETY DIVORCEE, A PAST MISTRESS OF THE SMARTEST VICES.
LEAVING RITA CHATTING WITH MISS GRETNA, KILFANE TOOK PYNE ASIDE, OFFERING HIM A CIGARETTE FROM AN ORNATE, JEWELLED CASE.
HELLO! CAN YOU STILL GET THESE?
WITH THE UTMOST DIFFICULTY, LOLA CHARGES ME FIVE GUINEAS A HUNDRED FOR THEM. THE RIGHT STUFF IS THE WRONG PRICE IN LONDON.
I FIND IT SO MYSELF. EVERYTHING EXCEPT OPIUM IS TO BE HAD AT KATMAH'S, AND NOTHING EXCEPT OPIUM INTERESTS ME. YOU OBTAIN YOUR OPIUM FROM LOLA?
YES, MY MAN GOES TO LIMEHOUSE FOR IT.
YOU HAVE VISITED "THE HOUSE OF A HUNDRED RAPTURES?"
MANY TIMES. Ah! HERE SHE IS.

A WOMAN CAME IN, CARRYING A BROWN LEATHER ATTACHE CASE.

HER HEIGHT WAS APPRECIABLY INCREASED BY A PAIR OF SUEDE SHOES HAVING THE MOST WONDERFUL HEELS WHICH RITA EVER REMEMBERED TO HAVE SEEN WORN ON OR OFF THE STAGE.

THIS, MY DAUGHTER, IS OUR OFFICIATING PRIESTESS, Mrs. SIN.

IN THE SWIFT, CALCULATING GLANCE WHICH SHE CAST ABOUT THE ROOM THERE WAS SOMETHING GREEDY AND EVIL; AND WHEN IT RESTED UPON RITA DRESDEN, TO THE EVIL GREED WAS ADDED CRUELTY.

ANOTHER LITTLE SISTER, DEAR LOLA. OF COURSE, YOU KNOW WHO IT IS? I HAVE HAD THE ROOM PREPARED

COME, MY CHILDREN; LET US ENTER THE POPPY PORTICO.

I AM GOING TO TAKE OFF MY SHOES. THE LAST TIME, WHEN I WOKE UP MY FEET WERE QUITE NUMB.

YOU SHOULD COME DOWN TO MY PLACE. YOU HAVE THERE YOUR OWN LITTLE ROOM AND SILKEN SHEETS TO LIE IN, AND IT IS QUIET -- SO QUIET.

OH! I MUST COME!

BUT I DAREN'T GO ALONE. WILL YOU COME WITH ME, DEAR?

WHY, I SUPPOSE IT WOULD BE A NOVEL EXPERIENCE.

LUCY WILL DRIVE YOU BOTH DOWN -- WON'T YOU, MY DEAR?

CERTAINLY. I AM ALWAYS AT THE LADIES' SERVICE.

I WON'T GO UNLESS IT IS MY PARTY, LUCY. YOU MUST LET ME PAY.

A DETAIL.

INTEREST NOW BECAME CENTERED UPON THE PREPARATIONS BEING MADE BY Mrs. SIN. FROM THE ATTACHE CASE SHE TOOK OUT A LACQUERED BOX, SILKEN LINED LIKE A JEWEL-CASKET. IT CONTAINED FOUR SINGULAR-LOOKING PIPES.

THESE FOR THE LADIES, YOU, CY, HAVE GOT YOUR OWN PIPE, I KNOW.

WHAT A STRANGE WOMAN! IS SHE AN ORIENTAL?

CUBAN-JEWESS.

THE GUEST OF THE EVENING. DO NOT BE AFRAID. INHALE -- OH, SO GENTLE -- AND BLOW THE SMOKE FROM THE NOSTRILS.

THE SAME AS A CIGARETTE?

THE SAME, BUT VERY, VERY GENTLE.

SILENCE HAD FALLEN UPON THE PARTY. SUDDENLY A GROWING FEELING OF NAUSEA SEIZED UPON THE NOVICE, BECOMING SO MARKED THAT SHE DROPPED THE IVORY PIPE WEAKLY AND UTTERED A FAINT MOAN. INSTANTLY, SILENTLY, Mrs SIN WAS BESIDE HER.

LEAN FORWARD-- SO. IT IS THE SLEEP DO NOT FIGHT AGAINST IT.

MRS SIN ALLOWED HER TO FALL BACK UPON THE CUSHIONS - SO GENTLY AND SO SLOWLY THAT THE OPERATION APPEARED TO OCCUPY SEVERAL MINUTES AND TO RESEMBLE THAT OF SINKING INTO INNUMERABLE LAYERS OF SWANSDOWN.

THE SINUOUS FIGURE BENDING OVER HER GREW TALLER WITH THE PASSAGE OF EACH MINUTE, UNTIL THE DARK EYES OF Mrs. SIN WERE LOOKING DOWN AT RITA FROM A DIZZY ELEVATION.

BUT SURELY, SHE MUSED, THIS COULD NOT BE Mrs SIN WHO TOWERED SO LOFTILY ABOVE HER.

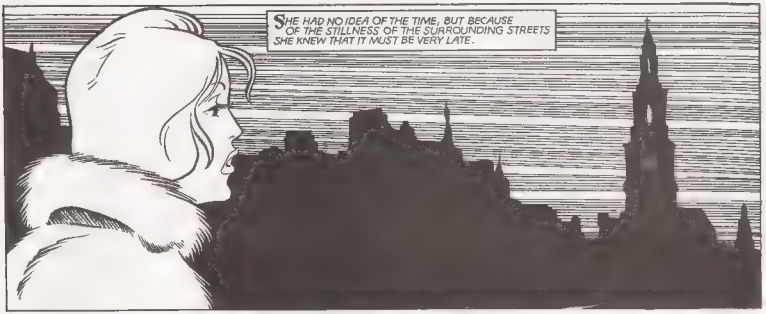
WHY-- IT WAS A SLENDER PALM-TREE, WHICH STRETCHED ITS FANLIKE FOLIAGE OVER HER!

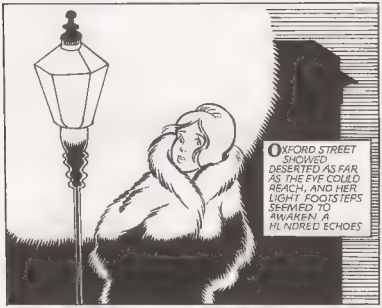
THE SUN, A BALL OF FIERY BRASS, BURNED DIRECTLY IN THE ZENITH THAT WHICH SHE HAD MISTAKEN FOR THE EVER RECEDING EYES OF Mrs. SIN PROVED TO BE A PAIR OF BRILLIANTLY-PLUMED PARROTS PERCHED UPON A LOFTY BRANCH OF THE PALM. SHE AND THE PARROTS WERE ALONE IN THE HEART OF THE SAHARA

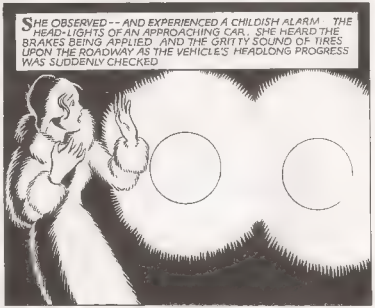
BUT STAY! MANY, MANY MILES AWAY, SOMETHING MOVED! HOURS MUST ELAPSE BEFORE THAT TINY FIGURE COULD REACH THE SOLITARY PALM. DELIGHTEDLY, RITA CONTEMPLATED THE INFINITY OF TIME. ALREADY SHE HAD BEEN THERE FOR A PERIOD WHICH SHE WAS FAR TOO INDOLENT TO COMPUTE -- A WEEK, PERHAPS.

WHEN SHE LOOKED OUT AGAIN ACROSS THE SANDS, THE FIGURE HAD APPROACHED SO CLOSE AS TO BE RECOGNIZABLE.
HOW EXQUISITELY SHE CARRIED HERSELF, MUSED THE DREAMER. NO DOUBT THIS FINE CARRIAGE WAS DUE IN PART TO HER WEARING GOLDEN SHOES WITH HEELS LIKE STILTS.
IT WAS THAT OF Mrs. SIN.
I AM YOUR SLAVE, MY POPPY QUEEN. DO YOU COMMAND THAT THE CHEST BE OPENED?
YES...
DO YOU COMMAND THAT THE PIPES BE LIGHTED?
YES.
THE DIMENSIONS OF THE LACQUERED CASKET HAD INCREASED SO VASTLY AS TO CONCEAL THE KNEELING FIGURE OF Mrs SIN..
..AND STARING AT IT WONDERINGLY, RITA KNEW AT LAST WHY ITS SHAPE HAD STRUCK HER AS BEING UNUSUAL.
IT WAS A COFFIN.

SWIFTLY NOW, REALITY WAS ASSERTING ITSELF AND BANISHING THE PHANTASMAGORIA CONJURED UP BY THE CHANDU.
LUCY! LUCY!
NO SOUND ANSWERED TO THE APPEAL
A HORROR OF THE COMPANIONSHIP IN WHICH SHE FOUND HERSELF. TOOK POSSESSION OF THE GIRL. SHE MUST ESCAPE FROM THESE SLEEPERS WHOSE SPIRITS HAD BEEN EXPELLED BY THE POTENT NECROMANCER, OPIUM.
HER SOLE DESIRE WAS TO ESCAPE UNDETECTED.


SHE HAD NO IDEA OF THE TIME, BUT BECAUSE OF THE STILLNESS OF THE SURROUNDING STREETS SHE KNEW THAT IT MUST BE VERY LATE.


OXFORD STREET SHOWED DESERTED AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD REACH, AND HER LIGHT FOOTSTEPS SEEMED TO AWAKEN A HUNDRED ECHOES


SHE OBSERVED -- AND EXPERIENCED A CHILDISH ALARM - THE HEAD-LIGHTS OF AN APPROACHING CAR, SHE HEARD THE BRAKES BEING APPLIED AND THE GRITTY SOUND OF TIRES UPON THE ROADWAY AS THE VEHICLE'S HEADLONG PROGRESS WAS SUDDENLY CHECKED

IF HER STRENGTH ALLOWED SHE WOULD HAVE RUN, BUT NOW IT THREATENED TO DESERT HER ALTOGETHER AND SHE TOTTERED WEAKLY
RITA! MISS DRESDEN!

IT WAS MONTE RVIN

A' SUIVRE .

Don McGregor
Author/Creator

Gene Colan
Illustrator

P. Bernard Jr.
Letterer

RAGAMUFFINS
YOU BOYS DON'T LIKE TO PLAY WITH US GIRLS, LITTLE BOBBY MACKLEROY.
SO HOW COME YOU WANT ME TO SNEAK INTO THE WOODS WITH YOU AND RANDY?
STOP CHEATIN'! YOU KEEP LEANIN' OVER THE LINE!
AIN'T CHEATIN'!

The Catholic kindergarten building stood on top of Education Hill. This was the highest point of land for miles around. The windows stared out of the kindergarten's pale blue walls and looked over the town of Clearwater.

In 1951, many of us kindergarteners used to wonder if the nuns looked down upon us at night and remembered the names of all those ragamuffins who had committed sins during the day.

To us, at five years old and three feet-however many inches tall, there was something omnipotent about the nuns, dressed in their long black habits.

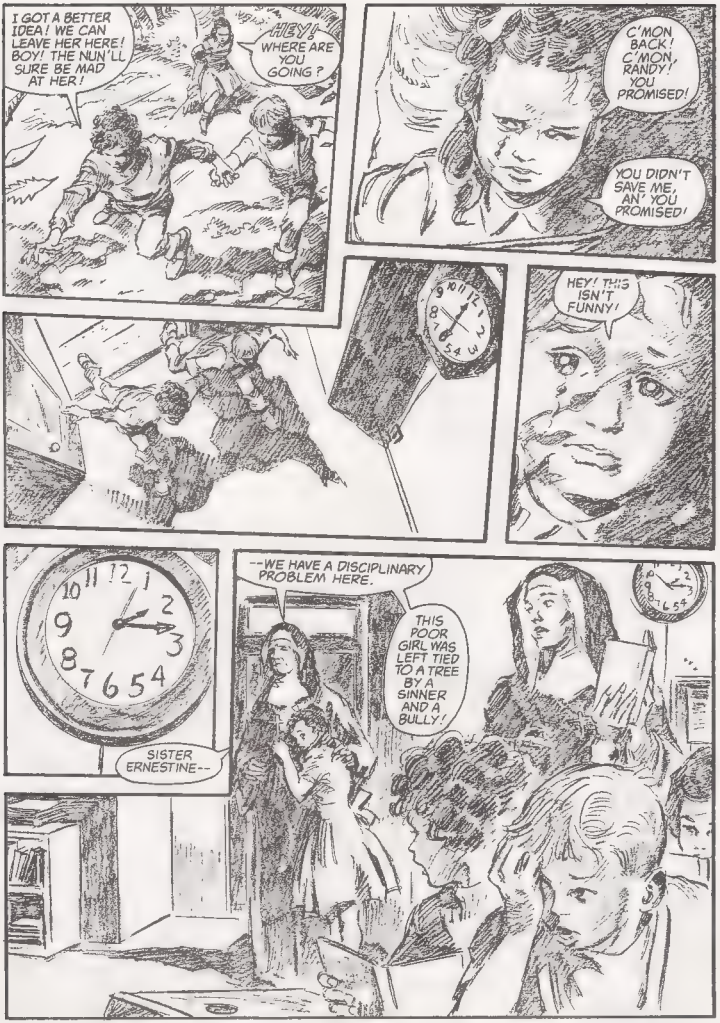
In truth, some of us feared the nuns more than God.

WE WANNA PLAY WITH YOU! WE DO! HONEST, GERALDINE!
BUT WE GOTTA MAKE SURE SISTER MARYBETH DON'T SEE US SNEAK INTA THE WOODS.
I WANT NUFFIN TO DO WITH IT!
AW, C'MON! YOU KNOW YOU WANNA PLAY WITH US!
DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK AS DEATH GOES BY THAT YOU MAY BE THE NEXT
YEAH? WHATJA GONNA PLAY?
COWBOYS AND INDIANS!
AN' YOU CAN BE THE INDIAN PRINCESS.
TO DIE, THEY WRAP YOU IN A BIG WHITE SHEET AND DROP YOU DOWN ABOUT SIX FEET DEEP
AND WHAT DO YOU TWO...
YOU KICKED ME INNA KNEE!
...THINK...
...YOU ARE DOING?
NOW'S OUR CHANCE!

WHEEE! THAT WAS FUN!
WEGOTAWAYWITHIT! WEGOTAWAYWITHIT!
WHAT DO WE DO NEXT?
YOU'RE GONNA BE THE INDIAN PRINCESS WHAT GETS TIED UP. THIS'S GONNA BE A LOTTA FUN ...YOU WAIT AN' SEE.
I DON'T WANNA BE TIED UP WITH NO ICKY ROPE.
WE WON'T TIE YA TIGHT. RIGHT, RANDY?
YEAH. WE PROMISE. RIGHT, LITTLE BOBBY MACKLEROY?
ANYWAY... WHERE YOU GONNA GET A ROPE?
RIGHT HERE!

I BRUNG IT THIS MORNIN' AN' HIDIT OUT HERE! THE MOTHER SUPERIOR'LL NEVER KNOW!
C'MON! LET US TIE YOU UP, GERRY, IT AIN'T GONNA HURT NUTHIN'. AN' THEN YOU CAN BE THE INDIAN PRINCESS LIKE RANDY SAID.
AN' I'LL RIDE IN ON PARD, MY HORSE... AN' SAVE YA!
PROMISE, RANDY?
SURE.
AN' I CROSS MY HEART AND HOPE TA' DIE!
THIS TREE'S A GOOD ONE TO USE AS A STAKE.
THIS'S REALLY GONNA BE FUN! YOU JUST WAIT'N SEE, GERRY!
I'M NOT SO...
SURE.
SURE YOU'RE SURE!
WAIT'LL WE COME TO THE EXCITING PART WHERE RANDY SAVES YA FROM THE BURNIN' STAKE AND THE BAD INDIANS.
HOWCUM AN INDIAN WOULD WANNA BURN SOMEBODY AT THE STAKE?
I DON'T KNOW. THAT'S THE WAY IT IS IN THE MOVIES.

I SEEN LOTS OF MOVIES WHERE INDIANS DIDN'T BURN NOBODY AT THE STAKE.
YEAH. BUT THEY WAS DUMB MOVIES.
'SIDES WE CAN PLAY IT FOR REAL AND THEN SAVE HER.
WHAT'TA YA MEAN ?
WHAT ARE YOU BOYS TALKIN' ABOUT ?
I FOUND 'EM ON THE STREET.
YOU!
SOMEBODY MIGHT GET HURT!
NAW ! YOU'LL BE THE HERO AN' RIDE IN AND PUT THE FIRE OUT!
SHE'LL LOVE IT ! YOU'LL SEE!
WHEN DO YOU COME RESCUE ME, RANDY ?
NOT 'TILL WE BURN YA AT THE STAKE, REMEMBER ?
CLANG
CLANG
CLANG
CLANG
CAN YA BELIEVE IT ? RECESS'S OVER ALREADY! RECESS IS NEVER LONG ENUFF!
WE BETTER HURRY! SISTER MARYBETH'LL HAVE OUR HIDES!
WE BETTER GET GERALDINE UNTIED.


I GOT A BETTER IDEA! WE CAN LEAVE HER HERE! BOY! THE NUN'LL SURE BE MAD AT HER!
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
C'MON BACK! C'MON, RANDY! YOU PROMISED!
YOU DIDN'T SAVE ME, AN' YOU PROMISED!
HEY! THIS ISN'T FUNNY!
SISTER ERNESTINE--
--WE HAVE A DISCIPLINARY PROBLEM HERE.
THIS POOR GIRL WAS LEFT TIED TO A TREE BY A SINNER AND A BULLY!

I WANT YOU TO POINT OUT WHO DID THIS TERRIBLE THING TO YOU, MY DEAR.
HIM
Just me?
PUT YOUR HANDS UP ON THE DESK!
NO, THANKYOU, SISTER.
GET YOUR HANDS UP ON THAT DESK NOW!
WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR SHENANIGANS!
WHACK
LET THIS TEACH YOU A LESSON YOUNG MAN!
WHACK

1962
IT'S NICE AND WARM IN THE FIELDS TODAY, GRETCHEN. AREN'T YOU GLAD WE CAME OUT HERE?
YES, I AM, RANDY.
THAT'S GOOD I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO FEEL... NERVOUS OR ANYTHING ABOUT BEING ALL ALONE OUT HERE.
I DON'T.
USUALLY I COME OUT HERE BY MYSELF, BUT IT'S BETTER BEIN' WITH YOU. YOU CAN YELL OR PLAY OR ANYTHING AND NO ONE'LL SEE.
YOU CAN DO ANYTHING OUT HERE...
LIKE THIS?
YES THAT'S WHAT I.
UHHH
UHHH
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TALK ME INTO DOING IT, RANDY. I LOVVVE BEING IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE WITH YOU!
IT'S SO PRIVATE... AND ROMANTIC.
YOU'RE NOT SCARED, ARE YOU, RANDY?
OF WHAT?
OF WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO?
WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO?
MAKE LOVE.
MAKE ...LOVE?
oh,yeah?
I MEAN, OH YEAH!
Uhhh... YOU MEAN, RIGHT NOW? HERE?
YES!
GEE, IT FEELS SO GOOD WHEN YOU KISS ME!
Ummm... AND HOW DOES THIS FEEL?
Ummm... GREAT!

Geez, GRETCHEN! YOU... YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL... CAN I P- WOULD YOU LET ME TOUCH YOU?
JUST DON'T BE ROUGH, OKAY?
OH, NO. I WOULDN'T HURT YOU! NEVER!
DO YOU HAVE ANY PROTECTION?
PROTECTION?
Hee! Hee! YOU SOUND LIKE AN ECHO. I MEAN A CONDOM OR SOMETHING?
OH! ONE'VE THOSE! WELL... YEAH... I GOT ONE FROM MY COUSIN ...I ALWAYS CARRY IT IN MY WALLET JUST IN... ohh.. I MEAN YOU NEVER KNOW, Y'KNOW?
YOU'RE TALKING TOO MUCH, RANDY.
TWO WEEKS LATER...
Uh... GRETCHEN?
JUST HOLD ME, OKAY, RANDY?
YEAH, BUT CAN I ASK YOU A QUESTION FIRST?
WHAT IS IT, RANDY?
DO YOU HAVE THE FAINTEST IDEA HOW YOU USE ONE'VE THESE THINGS?
HIYA, GRETCHEN.
WHAT'S THE MATTER? SOMETHING WRONG?
I'm late.
LATE, FOR WHAT?
MY PERIOD, YOU DUMMY!
PERIOD? WHA... WHAT D'YOU MEAN?
I MEAN, IT HASN'T COME... AND... AND MAYBE I'M PREGNANT!
I SHOULD'VE KNOWN.
KNOWN WHAT?
I SHOULD'VE KNOWN THE NUNS WOULD GET ME FOR THIS!

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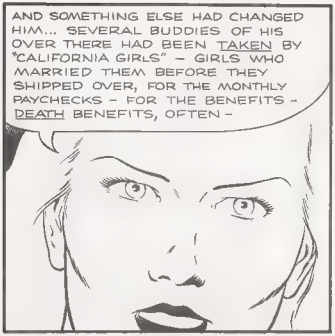
Mr. TREE "I, FOR AN EYE"

by Max Collins & Terry Beatty

Chapter Five
The Last to Know
SURE, IT'S MY NAME, LADY — MIKE TREE — MIKE TREE JR YOU CAN ASK MY MOM IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME!
THAT'S RIGHT, MS. TREE — MY SON'S NAME IS MICHAEL TREE — JUST LIKE YOU
DNB! Collins Beatty
JUST LIKE YOU, MIKE .. THE MAN I VOWED TO LOVE, HONOR AND AVENGE...

MIKE, GO NEXT DOOR AND ASK TOMMY'S MOTHER IF YOU AND HE CAN PLAY - IN HIS YARD -
MOM, HOW COME SHE HAS MY NAME?
NEVER MIND, NOW SCOOT - WE'LL TALK LATER -
AW. OKAY. 'BYE LADY.
I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHEN... IF.. YOU'D FIND ME. LET'S GO INSIDE AND TALK.
I WANTED TO SAY SOMETHING AT THE CEMETERY THAT DAY - BUT I LOST MY NERVE - RUSHED AWAY -
MIKE DIDN'T SAY MUCH ABOUT YOU - BUT I DO KNOW HE LOVED YOU VERY MUCH... YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE THAT. CAN I GET YOU SOMETHING? COFFEE? TEA...?
JUST WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
DON'T YOU KNOW? I'M YOUR HUSBAND'S FIRST WIFE.

I GUESS I JUST WANTED TO HEAR HER SAY IT, MIKE – I ALREADY KNEW IT. I AM A DETECTIVE, AFTER ALL...
MIKE AND I MET IN CALIFORNIA – WHEN HE WAS IN BASIC TRAINING –
I WANTED TO HATE HER, MIKE – BUT I COULDN'T SEEM TO –
WE WERE BOTH KIDS, JUST OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL. WE WERE MARRIED A FEW MONTHS AFTER WE MET –
"IT HAPPENED LIKE THAT IN THOSE DAYS – MAYBE IT'S THAT WAY IN ALL WARS – VIETNAM WAS NO EXCEPTION. CALIFORNIA DIDN'T HURT EITHER."
"THEN HE WAS THERE, AND I WAS HOME LIVING WITH MY FOLKS – HE WROTE EVERY WEEK – SIGNED OVER ALL HIS PAY TO ME – "
"I LIVED FOR HIS LETTERS – AND HE SEEMED THRILLED THAT I WAS EXPECTING – IT WAS A BITTERSWEET TIME, BEING HAPPY TO BE SAD – "
"BUT WHEN HE CAME HOME ON LEAVE, HE'D CHANGED; HE WASN'T A KID ANYMORE. AND I WAS TOO FAR ALONG FOR US TO... AND WITHOUT THAT, WE HAD NOTHING. WE WERE STRANGERS."


AND SOMETHING ELSE HAD CHANGED HIM... SEVERAL BUDDIES OF HIS OVER THERE HAD BEEN TAKEN BY "CALIFORNIA GIRLS" – GIRLS WHO MARRIED THEM BEFORE THEY SHIPPED OVER, FOR THE MONTHLY PAYCHECKS – FOR THE BENEFITS – DEATH BENEFITS, OFTEN –

"SO I DIDN'T TELL MIKE WHEN MIKE JR WAS BORN A MONTH LATER. MIKE JR WAS PREMATURE, BUT WAS A HEALTHY BABY – AND I WAS AFRAID OF WHAT HIS FATHER WOULD THINK..."

"AND THAT'S WHAT HE DID THINK. HE THOUGHT I MARRIED HIM BECAUSE I WAS ALREADY 'TWO MONTHS GONE,' HE SAID. HE DIDN'T THINK MIKE JR WAS HIS."

I DIDN'T ASK FOR CHILD SUPPORT OR ALIMONY – MY PARENTS WERE STILL ALIVE THEN – I STAYED WITH THEM – MARRIED AGAIN – NONE OF THAT MATTERS.

ABOUT A YEAR AGO, I MOVED HERE – I'D BEEN OUT OF TOUCH WITH MIKE SINCE OUR DIVORCE. I CONTACTED HIM, FOR HELP. HE GAVE IT...

"AND HE SAW MIKE JR., AND I THINK FOR THE FIRST TIME REALIZED THE BOY WAS HIS..."
4

THERE WAS NO RENEWED ROMANCE BETWEEN US. HE FELT NOTHING FOR ME - HE LOVED YOU... AND WOULD'VE TOLD YOU ABOUT ME, AND MIKE JR - IN TIME
YOU STILL LOVE HIM, DON'T YOU?
OF COURSE DON'T YOU?
TOMMY'S MOM SAYS I GOTTA COME HOME NOW, SO I'M HOME. ARE YOU AND THE LADY THROUGH TALKING?
YES WE ARE, MIKE.
ARE YOU IN THE MOVIES, LADY? YOU LOOK LIKE A MOVIE STAR OR SOMETHING -
DID YOU KNOW MY FATHER? IS THAT WHY WE GOT THE SAME NAME? ARE WE RELATED?
MIKE! PLEASE!
WE AREN'T RELATED, MIKE. I WISH WE WERE.
5

WHY DID YOU KEEP IT FROM ME, MIKE? THIS, AND SO MANY OTHER SECRETS? A SON, MIKE –
I THOUGHT I MIGHT FIND YOU HERE –
CHICK! WHAT–?
CAN WE TALK? ABOUT THE CASE? I HAVE SOME INFORMATION YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN –
ALL RIGHT. I'LL MEET YOU AT YOUR OFFICE IN FIFTEEN MINUTES.
NO. THAT WOULDN'T DO...
I DON'T WANT TO ANTAGONIZE THE SITUATION – MY SUPERIORS ARE ALREADY WONDERING WHY EVERY TIME THERE'S A SHOOTING IN THIS TOWN, YOU ARE AT THE SCENE –
CHICK SENT HIS DRIVER ON, AND I DROVE US TO HIS APARTMENT – I WASN'T UP TO A RESTAURANT OR ANY OTHER PUBLIC PLACE –
HOW'S ROGER FREEMONT DOING?
"STILL IN A COMA. I'VE GOT A MAN ON HIS DOOR AT THE HOSPITAL, 24 HOURS."
6

THAT'S ONE OF THE THINGS I HAD TO TELL YOU: THAT OFFICE ROGER WAS WORKING OUT OF WAS LEASED MONTHS AGO – BY ONE MICHAEL TREE –
CHICK DIDN'T KNOW JUST HOW MANY MICHAEL TREES THERE WERE IN THIS CASE –
OF COURSE, THAT'S THE MALE MICHAEL TREE I REFER TO –
DO YOU KNOW ANY REASON WHY MIKE WOULD'VE RENTED THAT OFFICE? WITHOUT YOUR KNOWLEDGE?
THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS MIKE DID THAT I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT
YOU KNOW THEN? ABOUT MIKE'S FIRST MARRIAGE?
CHICK KNEW. I DIDN'T. YOUR EX-PARTNER FROM THE FORCE, YOU TRUSTED. NOT ME.
AND WHEN ANNE TURNED UP AGAIN, AND HE SAW THAT KID – AND KNEW IT WAS HIS...
WELL, HE FIGURED HE'D MARRY YOU, AND THEN SPRING THIS ON YOU. YOU KNOW MIKE – HE FIGURED YOU'D BE PISSED, BUT NOT DIVORCE HIM OR ANYTHING.

YOU MISS HIM, TOO, DON'T YOU?
YEAH.
I DON'T KNOW WHY IT HAPPENED, MIKE - WHETHER LONELINESS DID IT - OR MAYBE I THOUGHT GETTING CLOSE TO YOUR BEST FRIEND WOULD BE LIKE GETTING CLOSE TO YOU -
OR MAYBE I JUST WANTED TO GET EVEN.
8
TO BE CONTINUED

Next issue:

A MS. TREE COVER BY PAUL GULACY

ECLIPSE

NEXT ISSUE EXCLUSIVE:

MS. TREE SOLVES HUSBAND'S MURDER

Tells All to Collins & Beatty

Ending a year long investigation, Ms. Michael Tree has discovered the murderer of her husband Mike Tree, founder of Tree Investigations.

While she has refused comment on the outcome of her investigation, Ms. Tree has granted an exclusive interview to Max Allan Collins and Terry Beatty, and it will appear as a double-length, 16 page adventure in *Eclipse* #6, on sale March 20, 1982.

Mike Tree was gunned down on the couple's wedding night in April of last year. Ms. Tree assumed control of her late husband's investigations business and in the course of her investigation has been associated with three subsequent homicides.

Plus stories by: Englehart, Rogers, Gulacy, Weiss, Trina, Sparling, Lenny Kaye and more!

COYOTE

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The mail's been pretty light this time around, folks. I know you're reading the magazine because our circulation is increasing with every issue. So where are ya, already? You're making me feel lonely. Write, already. In the meantime, here are some mare letters on Eclipse #3.

Dear Dean,

With *Ragamuffins*, Don McGregor has woven a truly enjoyable human interest story. The final page of the tale, in my opinion, sums up the reasons why we read comics and/or books in general. The uninked pencils of Gene Colan were also an unexpected treat

As for *Role Model*, I must first admit that I really didn't care very much for either part of the story. However, the conclusion of *Role Model* was quite surprising and offbeat, unlike the dull and predictable ending I was expecting

Large Cow Comix by Hunt Emerson was an interesting and a quite off the-wall humor strip.

Ms. Tree is progressing nicely with all the necessary elements of a good mystery story. Max Collins & Terry Beatty are doing an admirable job on the strip.

Trina Robbins' adaptation of *Dope* is picking up speed and I am glad that it is expanding in length. This strip has the potential to inform us of the origins and dangers of drug addiction.

Coyote is by far my favorite strip in the book. "I Am Coyote" begins to explore the origins of Steve Englehart's & Marshall Rogers' unique young hero. Young Coyote's adventure between dimensions promises to get better as time goes along.

The cover by John Pound was another excellent piece of artwork and complements what has come before

Dean Kelly Rollings
Box 892
Athabasca, Alberta
Canada TOG OBO

Dear Dean,

Eclipse #3 sucked. The best thing in it was Gene Colan's pencils to which Don McGregor added his usual portion of banality disguised as meaning. The Englehart/Rogers' tale rambled. The *Ms. Tree* segment lacked any bite. The Gerber story surprised me—a plus, but it didn't merit a two-part format. *Dope* was incomprehensible

The letters were disgustingly positive. The only negative comment you allowed was easily dismissable (and you took that opportunity, announcing a policy of publishing good stories regardless of politics) Well, the Cruse contribution in #2 stank, not because it was leftist, but because it was dumb. The kind of close-minded conservatism it criticises (sic) went out, with minor exceptions, with Nixon. If Cruse were not so narrowminded himself, he'd know that

I do not plan to buy #4.

Phil Phud
(no address given)

Oh Yeah? Oh Yeah?! *Well* excuuuuse *me! Since you enjoyed Gene Colan's pencils on the top of the next column is a better reproduction of a panel from the first Ragamuffins story For your information, Gene drew the story from a* full script by *Don*

Dear Dean,

I enjoy *Eclipse* very much. It's a nice alternative and change-of-pace from *Heavy Metal* and *Epic*. I'm really happy to see new artwork by Billy Graham . I remember his terrific work from "early" issues of various Warren comics. I've also enjoyed the stories that Marshall Rogers has been drawing.

I hope that you will continue using a wide variety of artists. There are so many artists who just don't fit the science fiction/fantasy format of *HM/Epic* . . .while the writing for Warren's magazines turns many people off

Anyway, I have a long list of artists whom I hope to see some day in *Eclipse*, matched up with the proper story to display their talents so that newer comics fans can rediscover them. This list includes Angelo Torres, John Severin, Mort Drucker, George Woodbridge, Al McWilliams, Reed Crandall, Johnny Craig, Alex Toth, Russ Heath, Fred Kida, Howard Nostrand, George Evans, Gray Morrow, Dan Adkins, Larry Ivie, Roy Krenkel and Steve Ditko Many of the above are capable of producing good science-fiction/fantasy stories, while others are more suited doing western, war or horror stories. All of them are not appearing regularly in comic books or magazines and deserve a chance to showcase their dramatic art (as opposed to their humorous work). As long as I'm making a wish list, how about Marie Severin, Mike Ploog, Robert Kline, John Adkins Richardson, Jose Luis Garcia Lopez, Joe Sinnott, Frank Brunner or Steve Fabian?

Anyway, thanks for your time and good luck in all your ventures Keep up the excellent work

Daniel Y. Louie
P.O. Box 39
Nashua, NH 03061

Thanks for your advice, Dan. We'd love to have most of the artists on your list, especially since many of them have styles which are uniquely their own. The history of comics is rich with artists such as Alex Toth, Russ Heath and Roy Krenkel, to name three, whose work transcends the minimal standards arbitrarily set by the industry. Incidentally, Alex Toth fans should keep their eyes open for Kitchen Sink's new comic, Bop, which will contain Alex's first new story in years—a 5-page story called "Taps."

How about the rest of you out there? I'd like to see your lists of artists, and writers, you'd like to see in Eclipse.

Well, that's it for this issue, folks. See you in 60 days.
—D.M.

CONTRIBUTORS

BEATTY

Terry Beatty is working closely with Max Allan Collins on next issue's double-length concluding chapter of "I, For An Eye," as they also plan the next *Ms. Tree* continuity, which will be published by Eclipse as part of a new mystery comics anthology magazine premiering this Spring.

COLAN

Gene Colan is now the regular artist of the Batman and Wonder Woman at DC Comics, and recently reteamed with writer Steve Gerber on the four-issue *Phantom Zone* series starring Superman. He is also working on the next chapter in the *Ragamuffins* series.

COLLINS

Max Allan Collins' fifth Nolan book, *Hard Cash*, has been released by Pinnacle Books. On the comics front, he and artist Terry Beatty are working on a number of stories for Kitchen Sink's upcoming *Bop*, including a vignette about the late singer Bobby Darin.

EMERSON

Hunt Emerson continues illustrating comics in between going sledging through the snow-bound southern England. For those of you who are worried about the fate of poor Alan Rabbit in this issue's *Kontiki*, Hunt claims that the little bunny may be more resourceful than you think.

ENGLEHART

Stephen Englehart continues his successful collaboration with Marshall Rogers in *Scorpio Rose*, a three-issue, four-color mini-series due this Spring from Eclipse. Steve is also working on a four part series with artists Steve Ditko and Steve Leialoha, tentatively set for NMI's *Adventure Illustrated*.

GRAHAM

Billy Graham's most recent play is *The Trial of Adam Clayton Powell, Jr.*, for which he is negotiating with backers to produce. He's also appearing in Off-Off Broadway productions and continues to write the film review column for *The Amsterdam News* in New York.

KALUTA

Michael Wm. Kaluta is a prominent fantasy illustrator whose work has appeared in many books and comics, and is perhaps best known for *The Shadow*. He is currently illustrating a comic book version of *Starstruck*, the science fiction play for which he designed the costumes and sets.

McGREGOR

Don McGregor edited *The Buster Keaton Film Festival Album* for Eclipse, which will be available nationwide at movie theaters showing the Buster Keaton films. He is also writing for *Starlog* and *Comics Scene*, and is involved in a number of new film-related and comics projects for various publishers.

ROBBINS

Trina Robbins is presently working on stories for various magazines, including Kitchen Sink's upcoming music comics magazine, *Bop*. Dope fans will be interested to note that in order to faithfully adapt Sax Rohmer's novel, Trina is expanding the serial to a total of ten chapters.

ROGERS

Marshall Rogers sixth and final issue of *Doctor Strange* has been released, and is now concentrating all his efforts on various comics projects with Eclipse. In addition to *Coyote*, he is pencilling three issues of *Scorpio Rose*, a four-color mini-series written by Steve Englehart, due this Spring.

WRONKER

Evtan Wronker was born and still lives in New York City where he works as a paste-up artist. He claims that this issue's *Down the Drain* tells all there is to know about him, and he encourages others who are as depressed as he is to call him. His number's in the phone book.

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